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SUNDAY, September 4.

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 Berrondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. A. ALLAN.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
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 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Finchley (Church End), Wentworth Hall, Ballards-lane, 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 and 6.30.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. RUDOLF DAVIS.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. E. R. FYSON; 7, Rev. S. CARTER.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, "The Life and Work of Professor William James," Rev. DR. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., no Morning Service; 7, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DR. CHAS. GARNETT.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 only, Dr. F. W. S. FOAT, D.Litt., M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. WALTER RUSSELL.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, Worple-road, 7, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON. Memorial Services for the late Dr. Mummery.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel (near The Knoll), Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.
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 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45, Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
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 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
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BIRTH.

ODGERS.—On August 25, at Madras, the wife of Charles E. Odgers, barrister-at-law, of a son.

DEATHS.

HEYWOOD.—On August 16, at his residence, The Pike, Bolton, John Heywood, M.A., J.P., elder son of the late Robert Heywood, in his 61st year.

MILLS.—On August 28, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. W. Grundy, 9, The Beeches, West Didsbury, Manchester, Lucy, widow of the late H. F. Mills, and daughter of the late Richard Aspden, of Manchester, aged 70 years.

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THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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* * All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W. Communications for the Business Manager should be sent to 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

By the death of Professor William James America has lost her most original genius, and the world of thought one of its most stimulating and suggestive teachers. His “Principles of Psychology” and subsequent works on the same theme gave a fresh orientation to that study, while his “Varieties of Religious Experience” opened a new and surer way of approach to the study of religious phenomena. Even those who are not prepared to accept the pragmatic philosophy to the exposition of which his latest, and perhaps best, years were devoted must admit that as a ferment and a stimulant his thought was of the utmost value. Moreover, he understood and sympathised with the average man, whom philosophers (in the technical sense) have often despised, but who nevertheless does most of the drudgery of life; and wrote so lucidly that the wayfarer though not over-wise could understand and learn from him. Manchester College, Oxford, never did itself greater honour than in inviting him to become Hibbert Lecturer.*

* * *

THE Hebdomadal Council of the University of Oxford, following up Lord Curzon’s memorandum of April, 1909, have issued their report on “Principles and Methods of University Reform.” The changes suggested, though far short of what the times demand, represent a distinct move in the right direction. Convocation, which consists of all M.A.’s who have kept their

* An appreciation of Prof. James’ work and influence will appear in our next issue.

names on the books of their colleges, and which has often used its power to veto the proposals of Congregation, that is to say, of those actually engaged in the teaching work of the University, is, the report suggests, to have its power of veto limited, and even the ark of the Covenant is to be profaned by the abolition of compulsory Greek. We are glad that the Council “does not think that either a Working Men’s College or a College for poor men, as such, is desirable,” though we cannot hope to carry them with us in our belief that character and ability should be the only tests of entrance to a University, and that all students should meet on the same footing, without perpetuating the old vicious class and society distinctions. At present in many instances, the very men whom Oxford most needs are debarred from entrance by inability to pay the prohibitive cost of living at one of her colleges. We regret also that the Hebdomadal Council is so little prepared to give women the degrees they have earned as to ignore the whole question in their report. We greatly fear that their efforts after “Reform from within” must be stimulated by a Royal Commission.

* * *

THE historical associations of Königsberg apparently have inspired the Kaiser to break the spell of two years’ restraint in a speech which has provoked the liveliest comment throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Even those journals which have usually been loyal supporters of absolutism seem unable to accept in its entirety the latest proclamation of the Divine Right of kings, which one might have supposed Europe had outgrown. Most discouraging at a time when the best men in all civilised countries are striving for peace is the Kaiser’s dictum, “upon our armour alone does our peace depend.” The men of the Fatherland must cultivate

all the martial virtues and the women stay placidly at home and not attend meetings or join organisations. Meantime, even about the precincts of Potsdam, Social Democracy in Germany goes on from strength to strength, and the number of women who read books, attend meetings, attach themselves to societies, and even make speeches increases month by month.

* * *

OF course, since the Königsberg fulmination, the Chancellor, with a skill outrivalling Bülow, has explained what his Imperial master really meant, and the Kaiser himself has made another speech, which, some of the papers say, supplies the authentic interpretation of his former utterance. Nevertheless, many of us will continue to hope and pray that the idealist Germany which we learned to love will be enabled to shake off the burden of materialism which the iron hand of Bismarck laid upon her, and which has so depressed her spiritual life.

* * *

IN this year of International Congresses not the least interesting is that of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, opened at Brussels on Aug. 30. “The objects of the Union,” writes Sir Thomas Barclay, “are to bring about the acceptance in their respective countries, by votes in Parliament and by means of arbitration treaties, of the principle that difference between nations should be submitted to arbitration, and to consider other questions of international importance.” The British group consists of 165 members of Parliament, eight lords, and one bishop, the bishop of Durham. The meeting this year has been attended by 42 members and seven ex-members of the House of Commons, and one member of the House of Lords, Lord Weardale, while eighteen other Parliaments, including that of Turkey, are taking part. Among other subjects discussed was the abolition of the right of capture.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

DAYS OF JUDGMENT.

By Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

I.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."—REV. xx. 11.

WHETHER we believe in God or not, it is plain that there are days of judgment, when nations and men are sifted, wheat from chaff, folly from wisdom, weakness from strength; days in which warning is given, or punishment exacted, destruction administered or salvation gained. At any rate, there is an order in the affairs of man. They are blind who can read history and not see that there runs through it as clear a chain of moral law, as there runs through the physical history of the globe a chain of physical law. And, again and again, in both histories, times of crisis come, days, as we may call them; of judgment, when the chain is knotted, when the long series of antecedents and sequences produces an eruption, when the river of human life takes a new channel, when the old ideas of society are judged, braised in a mortar, and new ideas are formed and established.

A crisis comes, a judgment, as a prophet would say. The moral order of the world, violated, exacts its penalties; or, obeyed, brings its reward. Nations and men (for what I have said is as true in our individual life as it is for nations) are judged. They reap what they have sown, in progress or in overthrow, in peaceful or bloody revolution, in the revelation, clear as the sun, of what is wrong or right, true or false. And men, looking at these days of judgment, as, for example, on the French Revolution, or the American war, say to themselves—"Verily, there is a God who judgeth the earth"; or looking into themselves, when in the inner life a crisis comes, say also to themselves, "Verily, there is a God who judgeth me."

Slowly crawls, like a tiger, judgment upon evil. Slowly ripens on the tree the fruit which is the lawful result of the seed of good. And both are sure to reach their goal. The eternal law is in them both; and when their sentence declares itself to a man, or a nation, it is a Day of the Lord. Then for us, in our little lives, and for peoples, in their lives of centuries, is the great White Throne set, and the books opened, and on the throne One, from whose face earth and heaven flee away, and there is no place for them.

The writer of this book seems to believe in the actuality of what he painted here. He drew his imagery from the Roman tribunals, where he was accustomed to see judgment administered. The white marble throne, the accusers on one side, the defenders on the other, the open books, the judge, the attendants, were in his experience; and he transferred them to that last judgment of the whole world in which he believed, when Christ should come with the host of angels, and the dead should rise; when Time should be no more, and the Eternal Doom be given.

Now all this material business is symbolism, not reality. But when, leaving

aside the writer's belief in these material things, if he had it, we look at the ideas which underlaid his words, at the thoughts out of which this symbolic picture grew, we touch, not material things, but spiritual realities; truths which were not his alone, but which all the prophets and poets of the soul have felt; which have been told in a thousand myths, clothed in a thousand legends, painted in a thousand pictures, sung in a thousand poems, and found in every high religion, pagan, Christian, or theistic; truths which are rooted in human nature, and in God.

We do not believe in a visible coming of God to judgment, with all this pomp and circumstance of terror and of love; nor in any fixed date, nor in any vast assemblage of the risen dead for a final division into good and evil; but we do believe in the spiritual realities out of which grew into form this symbolic image of a last day. We believe in wrong being overthrown, and right established, and that there is One who does this work. We believe that there are days of the Lord, judgment days, when whole nations, and we ourselves, are summoned before God and Humanity to answer for our deeds. We have seen them in history; we feel them in our lives. The approaches to them may take years to accomplish. The results of them may take as many years to fulfil themselves. For two centuries, at least, the ideas which made the French Revolution were growing into Europe. Its results have been working in European history for more than a century, and we have not come as yet to their conclusion. But in the midst was the outburst into terrible shape of the ideas, a Day of Judgment, when the white throne was set, and the sun was darkened, and the moon became as blood, and the stars fell from heaven, and He was there in judgment before whose face earth and heaven fled away. In the midst of the long years, there is a turning point in which all the judgment is given, and all its results are contained.

Take another example. For many years in the eighteenth century, England had grown more and more immoral; her Government and her public men more and more corrupt; her Parliament servile, degraded by placemen; her upper class profligate, thoughtless, selfish; her poor enslaved, neglected, sunk in misery; her middle class tolerably decent and working hard, but wholly unrepresented; her king the obstinate enemy of the roots of English liberty. And then she tried to force her tyranny, and a fiscal slavery, on her greatest colony.

Then came a day of judgment, and our country was brought to the bar of God and of humanity. And the great Doom fell, and we were overthrown, and justly overthrown; and a mighty nation was born out of our overthrow.

The results of that Day of the Lord, when the white throne of justice was set up, took years to fulfil. Out of it was born, for us, reform in public life, in public morality, in public men, in political representation, in the true conception of monarchy, and in a steady development of civic freedom. Nor, thank God, have we ever lost the lessons that great judgment pressed into the national soul.

I take distant instances, but in our own

memory we have seen judgments. What of the Civil War in the States, when the vast iniquity of slave-breeding was overthrown for the whole world's instruction? What of the destruction of the Second Empire in France, when that which was founded on murder, developed by corruption, rotten to the core, was devoured by the vultures? What of the vast humiliation the abomination of Russia's government suffered at the hands of a nation they despised? These are national judgments when the earth and heaven of wicked governments flee away before the face of the Judge of all the world.

It is the same in our personal lives. No eye, even of our dearest friend, is aware of the times when, at a crisis of our life, in the lonely city of the soul, God sets up His throne, and we appear before Him, and the books are opened, the books of our life, of our deeds and character, of our consciousness of what He knows of us, and we know of ourselves, and on them shines the inevitable light of holiness, and we are judged.

Day by day these silent judgments take place all around us. We know nothing of what is moving in the men and women whom we meet in our home, in business, in society. Nothing in them seems different from their usual life, save perhaps a touch of bitterness in speech, an unaccustomed restlessness in act. Could we lift the veil, we should see all Heaven and Hell in contention there within, accusing, pleading, defending; the sun darkened, the stars fallen in the skies of the soul, heaven and earth fled away, and time departed; the day of the Judge come at last, and death or life in His decision.

Who is so righteous in this congregation who has not had his day of judgment, small or great? Oh, it is well that God does not leave us to ourselves; that, at His time, our lives confront us with their evil, and He judges us, and we judge ourselves. Else, we love our own will so much, we might be lost in wrong. This is no dream, no symbol is this day of judgment. It is a deep reality.

That which happens then to us, and to nations, is here expressed in symbolism. The form may be partly mistaken, and is impermanent, but the idea lives independent of any transiency in the form. It is easy to separate from the idea any part of the form which the intellectual atmosphere in which the writer lived has given to it; and to isolate clearly the idea itself which has ruled and created its imaginative clothing.

Whiteness is the symbol of righteousness. The throne is the symbol of the kingship of righteousness. And that which men feel most clearly in the days when a nation meets a great crisis is the absolute authority of righteousness and justice. "Right is being done," men cry, "and it is absolutely right it should be done. Wrong is being overthrown, and it is absolutely right to destroy it. We agree, the whole universe agrees. All political subterfuges, excuses, casuistry, diplomatic expediences have been extinguished in the white blaze of righteousness. The world in which they acted has fled away before the face of justice. There is no place for them. We thank God for the judgment in which at last we see clearly what is just

and good, for ourselves, for our people, for all mankind."

We see as clearly in our own hour of judgment. Then we know that there is but one authority to whom we owe obedience, before whose dazzling throne all that is dark in us stands forth dark, in whose light our inmost self is laid bare, no gloss, no subterfuge, no excuse, no subtle colouring possible. Our lies are seen as lies, our selfishness as selfishness, our death as death. It is a terrible hour. "Look at your life," cries the great Voice which, thundering night and day within, is heard by none but our own soul; "look, and tell me what you are." And, stricken with dread and shame, we see and know ourselves in the white light of the Righteousness of God.

There are those who hate that revelation, and who cry, "Depart from me, terrible goodness! I know that thou art king, but where thou art is pain, and I wish to keep my pleasure. Take from me the light of thy throne; give me back the darkness in which I did not know how wrong I was; I *will* have my will, were it as black as tenfold night, but I cannot have it while thou art there. Depart, that I may be satisfied with my sin." This is the cry of many, but even in the degradation of it, they know the sovereignty of holiness; they know they must give it way at last.

But there are others, blest in their misery, who, seeing their darkness, are yet more moved by the revelation of God's righteousness than by the sight of their sin. Repelled from themselves, they are irresistibly drawn by the beauty of holiness. "This is the true king," they cry, "this the throne which shall for ever glow and shine in me. Lighten my darkness, Oh, Lord; disclose my evil; make me see the blackness and hatred of it; glow and burn in every chamber of my heart, purge it through and through with fire. I deny, abandon all the past, and live and die now only in the white fire of Thy righteousness. And if I suffer, pain shall be gladness if it consume my sin. Oh, God, in this thy judgment day, what wilt thou have me to do? Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth."

Then the pain lasts till the guilt is burned away, for punishment is not remitted, but with the punishment is heard the voice of our Father. "Thy sins are forgiven, sin no more. Do the good which is opposed to the evil thou hast done; and I, within thee, throned on holiness, shall be no more a terror of judgment, but a constant Peace of Love."

What else? What is the next symbol? "From whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them." The writer meant that actually. But the idea mastered the material image; and his words express to us who reject his materialism the spiritual thought that all things without disappear to the soul when it is face to face with God. And this is true. In the midst of this material life of ours; in spite of the masterful demands of the body, of the work of the world, of society and business, when in the soul there is a day of the Lord, made by sorrow, by some dread call of duty, by some deep strife in the spirit, by overwhelming destiny; when the inner life

meets revolution, oh, then, nothing of earth or heaven is left for us in that hour of sifting and decision. When God comes home, all things else disappear. The soul is alone with Him in an empty world. There is no place for earth's doings and passions, for business ambition, even for love beyond all measure deep. The daily work we have done for years, our social life, our home and all its ties, are for the moment all devoured. The earth and heaven have fled away.

Nature says no more to us. The loveliest landscape in the world, the dearest place thrilled with associations that are like songs, are dead to us. The awful hour has burned them up! Even time itself is no more. The ordered succession of hours and days is gone. We are in eternity, when one day is a thousand years, and a thousand years one day; alone with illimitable Deity. It may be terror that we feel, or reverent awe, dreadful sorrow or solemn peace; but whatever it be, there is nothing present but the infinity of God. From His face our earth and heaven have fled away, and there is no place for them.

Out of these days of judgment we come with new knowledge. We have seen ourselves as we shall see ourselves at death, stripped clean of the transient and the outward, of all that hides our real self; apart even from the purest and most blessed things of daily life. We know what we are, and we know that there is One to whom we belong, and who will claim our personality for Himself, more vitally hereafter than even He has claimed it now. Even though we resist that knowledge and cry out upon its claim, we are, nevertheless, changed men. These days have done their work. Never again will this outward world, nor time, nor anything material, have their old power upon us. They are not the realities we thought them. Nor ever again will the ambitions of the earth, or passionate desires, or fame, or wealth, or social place, or love, or home, be what they have been, our very all in all. We have seen the moment when they fled away before the presence of God. We have felt the eternity in which they are the stuff of dreams. This is the revelation, and if we understand it, we know what it means. It means "Set aside for ever all motives, desires, thoughts in your life, which cannot enter into the presence of righteousness, truth and love, which are not capable of eternal expansion; and bring all your work into union with the character of God. Do your work in the world to the full, but let His righteousness and His love be its master, its motive, and its end. Bind up into His character all that in your life you wish to keep. So, when He is alone with you, you may see these things of yours in Him, and find them yours for ever."

Then, when the final hour comes, and death is with you, and you gather your soul into courage and faith to meet the inevitable hour; when alone, in your love and His, with God, you see earth and heaven flee away, and time dying, pulse by pulse, like the light of sunset; and the darkness grows, and all the world's love, life and business disappear; you will have no fear or sorrow in that deep solitude with your Father, in that judgment day. You are accustomed to solitude with Him,

and it is not solitude. The words and joy of Jesus Christ are yours. "I am not alone. The Father is with me."

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

A WORLD CITIZENSHIP AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

THOUGHTFUL observers of international political developments will agree that one of the danger-points of the future is a possible conflict between East and West. To the European races we can make our appeals for the preservation and promotion of peace on the ground of a common Christianity and a common civilisation. But we have no such ground of appeal in regard to the races of the East. Even with races allied in thought and religion we know to what extremes of passion men may be driven when the war spirit is let loose. But with races differing in religion, civilisation, customs and colour, it is difficult to conceive the horrors that would ensue were such races to come into conflict. Ignorance and racial prejudice are so deep and widespread that I am afraid the conflict will come. People will not be taught save by the most bitter experience. But this is no reason why we should not set ourselves to dispel the ignorance and the prejudice. The time is opportune. Already, the International Union of Ethical Societies is arranging a Universal Races Congress, to be held in July, 1911.

The treatment of the coloured races in the Southern States of America and in certain parts of South Africa, and the attempted exclusion of Asiatics from the United States, Canada, Australia, and the Transvaal, raise very serious problems. Christians, and social and political reformers generally, have hitherto proceeded on the assumption that "the earth is the Lord's" and that "the fulness thereof" is for the benefit of all His children. It is true we have interpreted this in the somewhat Pharisaic sense that "the fulness thereof" is for the benefit, first and foremost, of the Lord's white children, for while some of the Western Powers have carved out immense spheres of influence and control in the East, the moment the brown and yellow races come to partake of our good things we cry "Hands off," and receive them with the most bitter jealousy and racial prejudice. Yet, as Dr. Edward Caird points out, Christianity, the religion of the West, represents a principle "that binds all men to each other, and makes them members one of another. It breaks down all the walls of division that have hitherto separated individuals, families, and nations from each other; it casts aside and utterly repudiates all the prejudice of rank and caste, of race and custom, and bids men, simply as men, recognise each other as brethren." What a commentary this is on our social, political, and international relationships!

But the Americans, Canadians, Australians and South Africans have something to say for their point of view. In setting forth that point of view it must not be thought that I believe the difficulties involved to be insuperable, but rather, that

they must be recognised and fully discussed before we can hope to realise anything in the nature of a world-citizenship. The brotherhood of man is a great and wide principle, and, like all great principles, it involves a thousand points of social, industrial, and political conduct and policy, which have to be settled one by one ere we can realise the ideal in all its depth and fulness.

The usual Colonial objections to a common citizenship and the intermixture of races may be grouped under three heads:—(1) Economic, (2) hygienic, (3) moral and political.

(1) If a large influx of Eastern labourers is allowed in Eastern countries, say the American and Colonial artisans, such an influx will lower the standard of life. "We cannot live on 5 cents' worth of rice a day; neither should we care to see our wives and children sleeping in places that are little better than kennels. Our houses at present are small enough, and our tenement districts are overcrowded." Certainly, this is a strong argument. The workers of Great Britain and other European countries would appreciate its force if, during any labour troubles, the employing classes succeeded in introducing fifty or a hundred thousand Japanese or Chinese labourers to compete with the European labourer. The Socialist reply to the argument would probably be that in a properly organised State everyone would receive a fixed and approximately just reward for his labour, a reward which would enable him to live his life to the full; that there is room and food enough for all; and that economy of living, so far from being a disadvantage, is a positive advantage, inasmuch as it would leave more time and energy for the cultivation of the higher sides of life. To this the artisan would retort that the properly organised State has not yet come, that it may be many generations before it does come, and that meanwhile he must try to make the conditions of the struggle for existence conform to his present requirements. In new countries like South Africa it is easy to see how unrestricted immigration would lead to the orientalising of the whole country. The Asiatic trader and artisan, being willing to accept a lower standard of life, and to work for a much smaller rate of profit and remuneration than the European, savings and capital would tend to accumulate and concentrate in Asiatic hands; an increasing flow of population from the East would come to share in the good things, and the balance of voting power and consequent legislative and Governmental influence would pass from European to Asiatic hands. Already there is a larger Hindoo population in Natal than European, and certain trades, I understand, are almost entirely in Hindoo hands.

(2) Equally strong is the American and Colonial objection to Asiatic immigration on hygienic grounds. The East is the home of the plague and the beri-beri and other frightful diseases. Whatever may be the cause of these diseases there can be no doubt that their growth and prevalence is encouraged by the insanitary condition under which Eastern peoples frequently live. Imagine the suburban districts of European towns subject to the incursions of Asiatics, whose modes of living are wholly

different from those of Europeans! Educated Asiatics are doubtless quite as clean in habits as educated Europeans, but when discussing questions of immigration and the intermixture of peoples one has to consider peoples in the mass. I quote the following from the report of the Medical Officer of Health of one of the Cape Peninsula municipalities:—

"There are 64 licensed general dealers in the municipality who trade in groceries and foodstuffs, of whom 42 are Asiatics, who require continual attention, as most of the offences committed against the regulations framed for the protection of public health are committed by them; such as the sale of unwholesome foodstuffs, the use as bed-rooms or sanitary conveniences of rooms where food is kept for sale; and their general filthy habits make them a real danger to the health of the municipality."

It is just the insanitary and overcrowded populations of the large towns of the East which tend to migrate. The claims of brotherhood undoubtedly urge us to aid our brethren in disease and distress, and to teach them truer and purer ways of life, but they can hardly be said to command us to endanger the health of our respective national households carelessly or unnecessarily by unrestricted immigration.

(3) The citizens of the United States and the British Colonies are equally strong in their objections to the intermixture of East and West from the point of view of morals. I need not enter into the vexed question as to which is the more vicious or immoral—the East or the West. Perhaps there is not much to choose between the two. I need only mention the obvious fact that the vices of the two are different in many ways, and that to bring them together would increase the range of vice. The unwisdom of that must be apparent where the standard of morality is not very high. We do not wish to add, for example, opium-eating to spirit-drinking. But the whole question of racial morality and racial fusion is one on which we require more information from the biologist and the ethnologist. If, as some maintain, racial fusion between Europeans and Asiatics would mean either racial degeneracy or the predominance of the Asiatic type, European colonists may well be chary of entering upon such an experiment.

In view of these objections, then, shall we say that the brotherhood of man and a common world citizenship are impossible ideals? I do not think so. Great principles require generations of slow development and application ere they can be fully realised. The brotherhood of man is one of these. We have hardly yet begun to realise its full implications. Free Trade, forms and methods of local and national government, arbitration and international courts, marriage customs, sex relationships, religious toleration, the repression of harmful or cruel superstitions, education, the relation of work to life—all have to be dealt with in the light of this great principle. We are still in the leading-strings of nation-hood, a slight advance on tribal morality, and to attempt to leap at once into full brotherhood and a common world-citizenship by the indiscriminate mixture of races would only defeat the aim we have in view,

would produce frightful racial animosities, and prolong the reign of militarism and despotism. A common citizenship means certain common interests, common sympathies, and common ideals. To attempt to create these by throwing the members of different races into close competitive conflict with each other would only deliver us into the hands of those who sneer at the brotherhood of man. That would be a return to the old, chaotic, unseeing way—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

What, then, is the true way? It is surely that of international conferences like the one which the International Union of Ethical Societies is at present organising: representative conferences on racial, commercial, industrial, political, scientific, and religious questions, leading up to an international Parliament and a World-State, what Tennyson called "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." Only in this way can racial, political, religious, and colour prejudices be broken down and a safe and sure step taken towards the realisation of a common citizenship. The brotherhood of man is far nearer realisation to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Nations and races have been brought much nearer to each other. The West has learnt much from the East, and the East much from the West, and each may learn much more. But unreasonable antipathies and prejudices must first be broken down. The present relations of the various races of mankind may be likened to those of a household in which the children, having grown to maturity, find that owing to a certain incompatibility of disposition and temper, of tastes and ideals, it is better that they should live in separate households, and so avoid the friction and unpleasantness engendered by different modes of life and government. Yet they still regard each other as brethren, and if misfortune or calamity befall any one of them, or injustice be done to any, each would fly to defend, rescue, or assist the other. So it is in our international life. Calamity or injustice in any one nation calls forth the sympathy and help of the others. That is brotherhood. But now we wish to take a further step. The world, owing to the advance of science and the increasing rapidity of means of communication, is becoming comparatively smaller, and we wish to make the life and thought of each race and nation more helpful to that of the others. That can only be done in a clear-sighted way by international co-operation, not by blind impulse and unregulated competition. Under proper safeguards, there would be mutual intercourse and such migration of peoples and settlement of new countries as collective foresight would deem to be to the advantage of all; this rule, I think, being necessary—that an immigrant or settler in any new country should not only be required to abide by the laws of that country, but should be urged to perform all those duties of citizenship which his new environment may require of him. Democracy means citizenship. Here the West has something to teach to the East, to break down

despotic methods of government, and substitute methods of democratic citizenship, for it is only by the exercise of citizenship that character can find its full development, in a society in which all are "members one of another." The lessons of citizenship and government cannot be learnt in a day—another reason why collective foresight should take the place of blind impulse. Only in this way can racial prejudices be overcome and the next step taken towards the realisation of a deeper and wider brotherhood, a common citizenship, and a world-state.

R. BALMFORTH.

Cape Town.

P.S.—I should like to say here that the treatment of Indians in the Transvaal seems to me to be in absolute conflict with the principle of the brotherhood of man, and to be deserving of severe condemnation. That treatment is all the more regrettable in that, when permitted by the late Transvaal Government, it was put forward as one of the excuses for war. But the treatment of British Indians in the Transvaal has been far worse under the Imperial régime than it was under the Krüger Government. Mr. Ghandi, a man of high character, has conducted a great struggle in a noble and heroic way, a struggle which, one may hope, will soon be brought to a successful issue. It goes without saying that whatever treatment is meted out to Eastern settlers in Western countries will, in the long run, have its effect on the treatment of European settlers in Eastern countries.—R. B.

A UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

PRELIMINARY notices of the "First Universal Races Congress" (to which reference has been made several times by Mr. Balmforth in the course of his article) to be held in London during July, 1911, have recently come to hand. The aim of the Congress, which is pledged to no political party and to no particular scheme of reforms, "will be to discuss the larger racial issues in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience, with a view to encouraging a good understanding, friendly feelings, and hearty co-operation between Occidental and Oriental peoples." A very large number of influential and distinguished persons from over 50 countries have extended their support to the Congress, including 25 Presidents of Parliaments, the majority of the members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration and of the Delegates to the Second Hague Conference, ten British Governors and eight British Premiers, over thirty Colonial Bishops, some hundred and thirty Professors of International Law, many leading anthropologists and sociologists, the officers and the majority of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and a host of others. Amongst many names that will be familiar to readers of this journal we have noticed those of Professor Rudolf Eucken, Principal J. E. Carpenter, Prof. J. H. Muirhead, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Dr. Frank Granger, Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, and Rev. Ramsden Balmforth.

A VISIT TO HUNGARY.

I.

THOSE who have taken part in the visit of the English and American delegates and friends to Hungary cannot fail to be impressed by the originality of the conception which gave birth to it, and the skill shown in determining the order of events which rendered it practicable. On the one hand, the local celebrations arranged to perpetuate the memory of Francis David, the originator of Hungarian Unitarianism, were given the character of an international Conference through the attendance at them of 62 American and 35 English visitors; on the other, modifications were introduced into the normal international and local arrangements to render it possible that the interest felt in the Berlin Conference should be maintained, and even within a narrower range intensified by the acts of commemoration of the great Transylvanian, Francis David, and the great American, Theodore Parker.

The attitude of the visitors as determined by the situation in which they found themselves wore accordingly a double aspect. They were present in order to convey to their Hungarian co-religionists expressions of joy and sympathy at the honour paid to one whose life marked an era in the history of the nation as well as of religion in Hungary. It was also their desire and hope to draw closer the bonds of fellowship existing between the nations and churches represented at the Conference, and to base this union upon the more enduring elements of thought and feeling which are the vital principles of progressive religious life.

In the endeavour to achieve these purposes they were inevitably hampered by their ignorance of the language in which the greater part of the proceedings were conducted; but no pains were spared by their Hungarian friends to remedy this loss as far as possible. English translations of many of the papers and addresses were supplied by the untiring energy of those friends, and much information was gained through conversation with the English-speaking natives of the country, whose willingness to give assistance must be gratefully acknowledged. We are indebted in the first place to the aged Bishop Ferencz, who, though he has not visited England for fifty years, retains a purity of enunciation in speaking our language which astonished us in the address of welcome which he delivered to us on our arrival at Kolozsvár.

At Berlin we had already made the acquaintance of Professor G. Boros, D.D., Dean of the Theological Faculty, and of Rev. N. Józán, minister of the Buda-Pesth congregation, and as either in turn undertook the superintendence of our party and made arrangements for our convenience and for enabling us to employ to the best advantage the short time at our disposal, we learnt to be profoundly grateful for their constant solicitude on our behalf, and to hold in admiration and reverence their great intellectual and spiritual gifts. Great also was our indebtedness to other friends, such as Professor Csifo, secretary to the Bishop, who possesses a profound knowledge of the history of Unitarianism in his own country, Professor Gálfi, Mlle. Vank, hon. secretary of the Francis David

Association, and other ladies who from their residence at Channing House School, Highgate, and in other ways, had acquired a knowledge of our language. All these friends were in attendance upon our party throughout the celebrations held at Kolozsvár and at Déva, and to them we are indebted for our knowledge of the part played by the Hungarian members of the Conference.

The body whose proceedings occupied the greater portion of the Conference at Kolozsvár was the Unitarian Church Synod, which meets as a rule once in four years, but whose recent meeting was held this instead of next year in order that the opportunity afforded by the 400th anniversary of the birth of Francis David might be taken advantage of. The Synod (or Consistory as it is called when its meetings have to do with lay instead of religious matters) is a body of over 300 members, including the chief ecclesiastical and secular officers of the Church, which is one of the seven churches recognised by law in Hungary, a large number of laymen and ministers nominated by the Consistory in the proportion of about three laymen to one minister, and a much smaller number of laymen and ministers appointed as representatives by the individual congregations. The Bishop, who is chosen by the Consistory, acts with its authority in many matters, including the appointment of ministers. When a vacancy in the post of minister occurs the congregation is required to submit to the Bishop the names of three candidates for the post, of whose fitness they judge, not from services conducted by them before the congregation, but by inquiries addressed to other congregations and to the authorities of the Theological College in Kolozsvár. Of the candidates thus proposed for the appointment the Bishop selects one, or the selection is exercised by him when (as is sometimes the case) it is waived by the congregation in his favour. It is held that this procedure obviates the dangers of partizanship, and is likely to secure the fittest man for the post. All ministers who have been appointed for the first time during one of the four years preceding each meeting of the Synod are ordained at each meeting of that body. This ceremony of ordination formed part of the service held in the church at Kolozsvár on the morning of Sunday, August 21. The church building is an impressive structure, well adapted in every respect, except its acoustic properties, to meet the needs of a congregation based upon the principles of Christian brotherhood and of equal association of the laity with the clergy. There is no altar, but its place is taken by a table placed nearly in the middle of the church. There are two greater apses on two sides, surrounded by graceful galleries resting on arches. In the centre of the arches on one side is the principal entrance, above which is the organ with the choir.

The larger apses are flanked by two lesser apses, in one of which are placed benches for the ministers and the principal church officers, while the pulpit is on a pillar adjoining. On the morning of the service fourteen young ministers who were candidates for ordination were seated adjoining the ministerial benches; other benches facing the latter were occupied by part of

the congregation, including several rows occupied by visitors from the country wearing picturesque and brilliant native costumes. The foreign visitors occupied the pews in one of the larger apses facing the entrance and the choir. The perfect whiteness of the whole dome and arches, the purity of taste shown in the graceful lines of the building, the glorious ancient chants, which were beautifully sung by the choir, and joined in with full voice accord by the large congregation, produced an effect of rare distinction and beauty. This scene was the setting of the solemn service and ritual of the ceremony of ordination and of the Holy Communion which followed it.

The young ministers were first addressed by the Bishop, a man whose presence was in every way well fitted to excite in them a sense of the importance and dignity of their profession. His age is 75, and for the past 30 years he has presided over the diocese. With features of a strongly intellectual stamp he unites a manner of quiet dignity and refinement, which towards the visitors was marked by great urbaneness and courtesy; and we had become acquainted with him at the reception held at his house on the evening of our arrival. In him we saw a personality of rare interest, because, coming to the tenure of the post which he has so long happily occupied, soon after the removal of the restrictions which had fettered the expression of liberal religious views in Hungary, he has thrown his influence throughout on the side of progress. He has thus followed in the footsteps of his great predecessor, Francis David, whose life-work he has himself recalled to public memory by his preaching, and whom from the first he did not hesitate to acclaim as the author and founder of true religion in his country. And he called others to practise what he has practised. Truth of thought as founded upon truth of character, and as reacting upon character, was the keynote of his discourse. He warned his hearers against the fatal self-confidence which allows the key of knowledge acquired in their training to rust from disuse; they must, on the contrary, be continually learning from the book of nature and that of history, from the book of life and that of human nature. They must not only read, they must create by fresh interpretation of the needs of the life of man, which are continually changing in obedience to the law of progress. They too must advance; they must be continually holding aloft the lamp of Truth that it may burn the brighter; they must fight only with this weapon. Truth is strong enough to produce conviction, and from conviction power over the hearts of men is to be attained.

The ritual of ordination was concluded by the laying on of hands, which was performed upon the candidates by an equal number of senior ministers acting together on the Bishop's behalf. The service was concluded by the Holy Communion, which was taken standing by large numbers of the congregation, who stood around the table that bore the beautiful ancient vessels used in that ceremony.

The proceedings which had special reference to the life and work of Francis David took place on Saturday morning in the church, when memoirs of his life

were read at some length by Herr Kozma Ecclesiastical Councillor; and on the afternoon of the same day, at the meeting, of the Francis David Association, a body which with its local branches carries out a good deal of the work of social organisation and helps and strengthens the weaker congregations. Finally, at Déva, on Tuesday, August 23, the ruins of the fortress which once crowned the conical hill that rises steeply above that town were visited, and a wreath was placed upon the memorial tablet that has recently been placed in an upright position facing the entrance of the cell in which the martyr is believed to have died in the first year of his captivity, in 1579. An account has been given in a previous number of THE INQUIRER of the life of this remarkable man. The limits of space now forbid a treatment of this subject, but three points stand out clearly in his history. The first was the fact that after having imbibed the principles of the Lutheran Reformation from Melancthon, in 1545-8, and having been chosen as a bishop of the Lutheran Church in his native land in 1555, he became dissatisfied as to the truth of the doctrine held by that Church about the nature of the ceremony of the Holy Communion. Accepting the opinion of the Calvinists upon this point, he sacrificed his high ecclesiastical position for truth of conscience. In the second place, having been raised to a second bishopric by the Calvinist community, he quitted that body in turn in order to found a church of his own, based upon the rejection of the dogma of the Holy Trinity and on the worship of One God only. But daring and revolutionary as was this development, there was found in the personality of Francis David a force sufficient to compel a measure of success which it is difficult for us in these days to understand or to realise. The new faith spread rapidly; there were soon in existence 350 separate congregations; John Sigismund, the reigning Prince, himself became a convert, appointed David his Court chaplain, and, with remarkable sublimity of mind, at the Parliament of Torda, in 1568, proclaimed absolute religious liberty. The early death of this enlightened Prince and the Roman Catholic reaction under his successor, brought adversity upon the Unitarian Church, though it could not extirpate it. Even among those who had embraced David's principles, some, including Socinus' companion Blandrata, were unwilling to accept their full logical consequences. Advantage was taken of this disunion to present to David the alternative of imprisonment or acceptance of the worship of Jesus Christ. The third and final era in his career is marked by his refusal to submit to compromise on this matter. He was taken to the cell in the fortress of Déva, where he was confined, and where, after some months' captivity, he died.

B. G. USSHER.

IDEAL SUMMERS.

THE ideals of a perfect summer are very varied. Perhaps no two persons have precisely the same. The mere idler, the angler, the naturalist, the gardener, the landscape-painter, the business man, the invalid, the tourist, each and all of

them have their own ideas of what a really satisfactory summer should be. It ought to be reckoned among the special and peculiar merits of our climate, that while none of these representative people are ever quite satisfied for very long together, all of them may continually find reason to hope for what they want, and all of them may now and again really get it. Our weather, indeed, seems designed, more than almost any other on the face of the earth to meet all requirements, even the most antagonistic, and, as a consequence—like all trimming, compromising half-and-half institutions—our English climate gets abused on all hands. It is rarely right for anybody long together, and everybody therefore feels justified in vilifying and disparaging it. On the other hand he must indeed be singular in his requirements, who does not occasionally, at least, find an English summer pretty close up to his ideal of what the season should be.

Taking the year all round, the business man's requirements of it are perhaps the most reasonable. For business generally, and upon a broad average, the ideal for any season is that which most nearly approximates to the normal. Anything very much out of the usual way may be advantageous to certain trades, but is always very dislocating and disturbing to others, and, upon a broad balance of things, that is always the best season for trade as a whole which comes just about up to the normal and expected. A good cold winter and a good hot summer with a spring and an autumn very much as successive generations of poets have depicted them for us, constitute the ideal for the generality of businesses.

Most conceptions of a perfect summer are perhaps more or less limited to certain phases of it; but it may be affirmed with some confidence that the more cultivated and the more varied are any person's tastes the more comprehensive will his ideal become. To a keen sensibility and a well-practised eye there is nothing characteristic of each successive season, which does not enter into his ideal of it, and that which to less catholic minds would be a detriment and a drawback, will, to the cultivated observer, often afford the most unqualified delight. To most minds, for instance, the summer is a time for blue skies and sunshine, and the season is a failure in so far as skies are cloudy and days are rainy and damp. The desire of the generality of tourists is that there shall be not a drop of rain. But the landscape-painter, or the close observer and lover of nature, even though he does not paint, must have a certain amount of rain for his ideal summer trip, and the more enthusiastic his love of landscape beauty the more delighted will he be when a thunderous condition of the atmosphere rolls up dense masses of gorgeously-coloured clouds, and copious downpours drape hill and vale in delicate shrouds of mist. Ruskin has emphatically expressed his appreciation of the vivid intensity of colouring which a shower will impart to the foreground of a landscape, thus compensating in some measure for the absence of sunshine, and, of course, greatly intensifying the brilliancy of colouring when sunbeams break out upon the scene,

Millais, again, has recorded his peculiar delight in Scotland on the very ground of its being so subject to downpours of rain. Just as a wet pebble will, he says, be more beautiful by a hundred shining tints than a dry one with its cold and lifeless colour, so the landscapes of Scotland are more brilliant and vivid in their tints than in lands in which tourists may travel for weeks without "a drop of rain." That is unquestionably, one of the great charms of the English Lake District, though, by the way, its reputation for raininess is a good deal exaggerated. As a matter of actual measurement the Lake District gets more water from the clouds in the course of the year than any other part of England; but to a large extent at least that is because when it does rain, it does it in good hearty North-country style, and runs up a great score in a very short time. The downfalls are heavier if not more frequent than in other parts of the country, and the consequence is that the mountain-slopes and peaks, the woods and valleys of that charming locality are almost always bright, and fresh, and verdant.

Even a dry summer, however, has its special and peculiar charm for the artist, and indeed a generation or two ago it seemed as though the landscape-painter took all his ideas from Nature in a state of drought. But that probably was not the reason why it was so fashionable to paint pictures in browns and reds and low-toned warm greys. There can be little doubt that that ignorant and foolish conventionality took its rise in the discolouration which time had effected in the pigments of many old masters in the craft. It had the effect of developing a craze for everything that was brown in nature—brown soil, brown stones, brown garments, brown trees and herbage—a craze which was mistaken for the highest development of good taste and which for a long time absolutely forbade any painter who wished to sell his pictures to depict tree and herbage in Nature's favourite summer hues. To a large extent our artists have at length shaken themselves free from this absurdity, and, as we have seen, the best judges now find something exquisitely beautiful in woods and fields furbished up to their brightest colouring by a downfall of summer rain.

But there are numberless minor characteristics of summer which elude the painter's skill, but which the poets have noted, and have woven into their songs. The effects of the summer breeze are not altogether wanting in the works of some of our best artists; but it is only certain of the more obvious of these effects that can be depicted on canvas and that enter into any of our ideals as borrowed from the painters. We must go to the poets for most of them if we cannot find them for ourselves. See how wonderfully the American poet Bryant depicts the summer wind rustling over the landscape:—

"He comes!

So, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!

The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds

And universal motion. He is come,

Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings

Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs

And sound of swaying branches, and the voice

Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring on his breath; and thousand flowers

By the roadside and borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other; glassy leaves

Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew

Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes."

To the poets we must go for our ideals of summer (for it is they for the most part who have framed our ideals for us. They have taught us, second only to Nature herself, to think of this period of the year in association with all that is sweet and pleasant, bright and bounteous. As a matter of fact, nature is often somewhat niggardly of her bounty, and is often by no means so sweet and pleasant as could be wished. But the healthy mind rarely looks either back or forward to summer, except with its association with all that is charming in sunbeams and fruit and flowers, blue skies, songs of birds, and rippling waters. Perhaps there are some who are more commonly impressed by the memory or the anticipation of the chilly days and blustering winds, and bleak, sunless skies of the more unpropitious of our summer seasons, and there are, of course, those to whom such seasons bring cares and difficulties, losses and anxieties which may well impress them. They are exceptional, however, and are to be compassionated. Most minds, perhaps all minds normally healthy and at ease, are apt to take the poet's and the painter's view of summer, and it is highly desirable that they should.

A GERMAN INDUSTRIAL TOWN.

ANYONE who goes to Offenbach-am-Main with his memory full of the aspects of the industrial towns in the North of England, will have a great and pleasant surprise. For Offenbach is not overhung by clouds of smoke. There are fish in the river, which does not resemble a stream of black poison. The streets are broad and clean. There are promenades with double rows of trees. There are green boulevards in some of the business streets. There are some warehouses with gardens, and there are even manufactories where it has not been thought necessary to destroy the trees. It is a town where flowers will blossom, where trees will grow, where the sunshine gleams brightly, and is not intercepted by a dull mantle of black smoke. That is the first impression of Offenbach. The town has grown rapidly, and some of the older parts are still in process of transformation, and some of the narrow streets in the centre may, perhaps, never be changed. But the stranger sees a clean, well-planned, handsome town, where Man has not thought it to be an essential part of his duty to root up trees and flowers after the fashion of the English jerry-

builder, when he seizes upon a pretty bit of woodland wherein to erect his ugly and flimsy structures.

Offenbach has a fine park of its own, and has also the good fortune to be close to the Frankfurter Wald. By a short walk from the centre of Offenbach, we can reach this fine wood which belongs to the adjacent city of Frankfurt. There was a time when every English manor had its forest in which every burgess had certain rights. For the most part these waste lands have been stolen from the communities to which they rightly belong by the unscrupulous cupidity of the rich. The sin and wickedness of enclosures were denounced by Hugh Latimer at the time of the Reformation, but the greedy courtiers heeded him not, and grabbed the church lands from the prodigal hands of Henry VIII., and then stole the poor man's share of the commons. Many of the German towns have kept their forests. The Wald of Frankfurt is a notable expanse of greenwood—a source both of health and of pleasure to the dwellers in that busy world-city.

Although it is only in the last generation that Offenbach has progressed with such rapidity, it is a place of some antiquity, and is named in a charter of the year 977. From the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, it belonged to the Courts of Isenburg, whose castle, now turned to municipal uses, stands by the river Main. In 1655, it was a village of six streets and 60 houses. Its development began with the folly of Louis XIV., when, by persecution, he drove his Protestant subjects from his realm. Some of these Huguenot artisans found refuge in Offenbach, and were protected by the Count of Isenburg. There were silk weavers, wig makers, hat-makers, clock makers, and other craftsmen among them, and Offenbach ceased to depend entirely upon its fields and its river. In the eighteenth century its industries increased greatly. Two young bookbinders of the town, in the course of their *Wanderjahre* went to Vienna to complete their technical education and to learn something of the leather trade. On returning to Offenbach, Georg Klein desired to start business for himself in the manufacture of portfolios and similar leather articles, but met with many difficulties from the servants of the Court. Thereupon he appealed to the Count himself, who gave him two months in which to prove his ability as a craftsman in leather wares. So Klein hammered and cut and shaped many pretty and useful things to the great satisfaction of the ruler of Offenbach. At the Christmas of 1812 the Count of Isenburg gave many of these as presents, and those sent to Offenbach had a ticket on them stating that they came from the manufactory of Isenburg, Klein & Co. This was the Count's jocular fashion of intimating to all and sundry that no more difficulties were to be placed in the way of Georg Klein, whose firm flourishes to-day.

Offenbach now produces leather wares of every kind, saddles, portmanteaux, book-binding, card-cases, pocket-books, photographic albums, &c., &c. It has also a notable shoe industry. There are about 300 business houses in the leather trade at Offenbach. It is also a seat of machine-

making and of the metal wares industry. Aniline dyes are produced here, and there are other chemical industries. The timber and stone trades are represented and various industries relating to paper, printing, engraving and photography. It is not my intention to describe the manufactures of Offenbach, but only to show that they are varied in nature and considerable in extent.

The town has literary associations, as one may learn from Goethe's autobiography. Some of the scenes of "Faust" were written here when the young poet was visiting the town. Here, too, was the theatre of his love episode with Lili Schönemann. Other famous visitors may be named, Mozart, Lavater, Jean Paul, and Father Jahn, who founded the athletic clubs that have done so much for the development of German physique.

Offenbach's old castle now belongs to the town and its public library is lodged therein. Pictures and objects relating to its past history are there preserved. Amongst these is a ghastly relic—the skull of the self-styled "Duke of Jerusalem," who died at Offenbach in 1791. His real name is believed to have been Jankew Lejbowicz, a Polish Jew, who declared himself to be the Messiah, and lived in great state with his daughter. He received large sums of money from Russia. He was twice baptized, and was at one time a Mahometan! After the death of Baron Frank, as he was also called, his daughter the Baroness Eva Frank, lost her money. A tradition still subsists that she was in reality the daughter of a princely house in Russia, and that, for family reasons, the "Duke of Jerusalem" was paid handsomely to keep her out of the way. A generation later Offenbach had another Messiah in Bernhard Müller. But the police looked with an unfriendly eye on his Eden dress and his proposals for a Heavenly Kingdom, and he departed to America, where he died. But there are still Christian Israelites in Moldavia, Turkey, and Poland who follow the doctrines of the Offenbacher Messiah.

This is not a history of Offenbach, or much more would have to be said; nor is it an inquiry into the life of the people, or the cost of living, or the comparative merits—and demerits—of English and German taxation for State and Municipal purposes. It is only a plain statement of the impression made on a casual visitor by a manufacturing town of 72,000 people, where there is a clear sky, a clean river, fine villas, handsome public buildings, broad streets, boulevards, park, promenades, and forest. Best of all—a place where one need not be long without seeing a green tree.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

ANCIENT ETRURIA.

For the ordinary traveller Tuscany means little more than Florence and Pisa, with a side glance at Siena, Perugia, and Orvieto. The whole of ancient Etruria is but so much space that divides the south-going pilgrim from Rome. Even Lake Trasimennus, seen under the moon with its tragic silver spreading eastwards from

the railway, brings to mind a Roman disaster rather than the great Etruscan people in whose land the lake lies. Vague indeed are the pictures which we can form to ourselves of the ancient Etruscans. Their history is rather guessed than known. They nourished no poets to sing of their exploits, no historians to give them continued existence. We look at them through Roman history as through a veil.

Yet though they themselves have passed away, their buildings and tombs remain, and still keep the secret of their makers. A sense of the undiscovered haunts the passer-by who glances at the Etruscan cases in the museums, or the traveller who leaves the well-worn tracks and searches the marshes of the Maremma for Etruscan ramparts and cemeteries.

One must think of the Etruscans as highly civilised when Rome was at her beginning. They knew better how to choose the site of a city than the founders of Rome. Not on the hilltops, nor yet below in the plain, is the perfect city built, but stretching up the southern slope of some rising ground, with a fort perhaps to crown the height, the city walls guarding the approaches from beneath. The hilltop, reserved as it is for a castle or acropolis, speaks too clearly of uneasy times and bands of marauders. Yet the city that is built in the plains often loses the purity of the upper air and spends itself in traffic along the canals and level roads. Only the neighbouring sea can compensate the man who is exiled from the hills.

Hence, when we are visiting a city, it is well if on leaving the railway station we must crawl painfully up the road to the town. To enter a city from above is a misfortune. The beauty of Durham is spoilt by the approach from the railway which, as if on equal terms, looks across the valley of the Wear to the cathedral. Still less ought we anywhere to be reconciled to a railway overhead such as that which sweeps above New York. Only the gods can look down upon human life and remain wise. When Virgil brought his hero to Rome, Aeneas and his men rowed up the Tiber. Nowadays the tourist comes by train to the summit of the eastern hills of Rome, and loses the right feeling because he must go down to the Forum and the Vatican.

Perhaps we are in Italy, and climbing towards the typical Etruscan city of Volterra. Mr. Seymour* may very well be our guide. For he has travelled elsewhere and especially—so it appears on the title-page—has sauntered in Spain. I like him best when he leaves the speculations, hitherto futile, of successive historians of Etruria, and talks about Italian carriages and barbers and guides and Custom House officers and innkeepers. For if it had not been for the long and uphill drive from the railway station to the city of Volterra, he would not have made us understand how important it is to choose the site of a city with great care. Unfortunately he sets a bad example to the traveller when he passes under the famous Gate of the Arch, and allows anti-

quarian second thoughts to disturb the strange influence which the famous gateway exercises upon him. Volterra has altered her ancient gates and walls from time to time to suit her convenience, and there is no real cause for regret. We must submit ourselves to the spirit of the place. To be sure Volterra is more gloomy than Bolsena. Perhaps that is because life is more of a burden at Volterra. The sacristan of the church of Santa Crispina, at Bolsena, informed the author of the work before us that there were but two diversions in that little town: "Going to church and drinking our famous good wine." One can picture the sleepy little place. And yet Volterra may well be happy. Provisions are quite as cheap as elsewhere, and there is little unemployment owing to the trade in the local alabaster. To handle stone of some sort seems native to the place. Outside the city there is still enough of the old walls, with their huge square blocks of stone, to show how the Etruscans could build. They taught the Romans and the Romans added their wonderful mortar to the uncemented walls of their teachers. From Etruria to Rome, from Rome to Hadrian's wall, from Hadrian's wall to the Saxon crypt at Hexham; such is the origin of the square stones which mark the Roman buildings in Britain, and the Saxon work which has been helped out with Roman materials.

But in the treatment of their dead, the Romans did not follow their northern neighbours. Outside Rome and the cities under her influence, there stretched along the roads outside the gates lines of tombs of which the occupants had first been committed to the funeral pyres, and their ashes had been gathered for the urn. Etruria, however, had the secret of preserving the dead in the form and colour of life. Carlo Avolta, of Corneto, discovered in a tomb an Etruscan monarch, with his crown and panoply. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in armour, with a shield, spear and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier. But a change soon came over the figure, it trembled and crumbled and vanished away, and by the time an entrance was effected, all that remained was the gold crown and a handful of dust with some fragments of arms. Such is the impressive story which the author quotes from Mrs. Gray's "Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria." It should be noted that Mrs. Gray's book moved George Dennis to write upon the "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," a work which can now be had in a cheap edition. But life is short, and much reading is wearisome, and very few people are interested enough in Etruria to go far beyond these few lines. Yet if the past were left to the people who are not carried away by notions it would fare badly. Excavations are viewed by the world as a search for hidden treasure. For the antiquary does sometimes come across treasures as, when early in 1828, some oxen were ploughing the land near the castle of Vulci—another Etruscan city—and the ground fell in, disclosing to the neighbourhood and Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a tomb with two broken vases. Such was the beginning of the famous discoveries which enriched the museums and collec-

* Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria. By Frederick Seymour. Unwin, London: 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

tions of Europe with the loveliest specimens of Greek pottery. Yet the treasure hunters who were thus put on the scent were disappointed of the gold and silver which alone meant treasure to them, and in their ignorance smashed to pieces whatever promised no immediate gain. Against this sordid measurement of things, the true antiquarian makes a protest. A trifle, meaningless to others, is for him a clue to the past: once more the dead come to life and in a dim pageant move across his view. Mr. Seymour's book is written in this spirit.

F. GRANGER.

THE NATURE OF THE ELEMENTS.*

ALTHOUGH Herbert Spencer laid down in somewhat dogmatic fashion that "Matter, in its ultimate nature, is as absolutely incomprehensible as Space and Time," yet modern researches have gone far towards arriving at a clearer understanding of the conception of matter than the great philosopher could have deemed possible. Among other things, the discovery of radium and the investigations of electrical discharges in vacuum-tubes have in particular thrown a flood of light upon the subject, altogether revolutionising the old ideas. The influence of the new views on the constitution of matter cannot be overrated in their bearing upon modern thought. The clear and concise exposition of such views by leading authorities in this admirable series of small volumes dealing with vital problems of the day will greatly tend to render them readily intelligible and accessible to the lay mind, although the virtue of conciseness is sometimes carried to an extreme.

The present volume on the nature and evolution of the elements will probably appeal more strongly to the thoughtful student of chemistry than to the general public, but the subject could not have received a more lucid exposition than by the distinguished deliverer of the memorial lecture on Mendeléeff, the true discoverer of the periodic law.

A considerable part of the volume is devoted to speculations on the evolution and genetic relationships of the elements, and this section will certainly prove to be the most attractive and suggestive to the general reader, although new discoveries must inevitably modify or controvert many of the various views and theories. It is of some interest to find that the question of the differentiation of the elements from a primordial essence or "protyle" is beset with similar difficulties to that of the evolution of the organic world from a primordial protoplasm; for in both cases it is impossible to conceive how the original substance was formed. All that can be done is to trace out, with more or less probability, the successive lines of development and the successive operations of a genetic process. In some respects more progress can be attained in the study of the evolution of the elements and of the corpuscular constitution of matter than in tracing out the laws of

descent of animals and plants, for in the former case the aid of astronomy can be invoked, and the successive steps in the differentiation of elements may be observed by means of the spectroscope in nebulae, which are to be found in all stages of development. Hence this method is able to corroborate and substantiate many speculations which might otherwise remain infertile. For example, it has been demonstrated experimentally that when a mixture of gases is rotated with excessive rapidity, a separation takes place centrifugally, and the denser gases become concentrated in the periphery according as the radius of rotation is increased. Now the ring-nebula in the constellation of Lyra is shown by the spectroscope to consist of four concentric layers of gases of which the two middle can be definitely identified with hydrogen on the inside and the denser helium on the outside, thus confirming in a remarkable manner the result arrived at by experiment. There is no doubt that similar researches will in course of time support many of the speculations on the constitution of matter which have been so concisely and clearly set forth by the author.

It is a matter for regret that such misprints as "lavorotatory" for "lævotatory" (p. 14) and "akaluminium" for "eka-aluminium" (p. 48) should have been allowed to escape notice.

THE QUEST FOR PEACE.*

"ONE'S own mind," says Marcus Aurelius, "is a place the most free from crowd and noise in the world, if a man's thoughts are such as to ensure him perfect tranquillity within, and this tranquillity consists in the good ordering of the mind." These words might well be placed at the beginning of Mr. James Allen's little book, "Above Life's Turmoil," which is probably like the "Meditations" a confession springing primarily from a sense of imperfection, rather than a sense of mastery. A man writes a book of this kind because his own sufferings have filled him with compassion for the sufferings of others, and in giving expression to those ideals towards which he is ever struggling, he gains control over himself, and is enabled to prophesy victory for those whom his words may reach. Mr. Allen has nothing that is strikingly new to say, but it needs saying all the same, and in such a way as to attract readers who have not yet gone to the great world-teachers for wisdom and encouragement.

The note of this book is individualistic in the best sense, that is to say, it insists on self-realisation and self-discipline as the secret of a peace which the world cannot give. We are brought back to Emerson's strenuous gospel, but with it is linked the law of love and renunciation so beautifully expounded in the eighth book of "The Light of Asia," which is frequently quoted. In life everything depends on the hidden belief of the heart,

"that which a man loves and clings to and fosters" in the silence of his own thoughts. This it is—whatever he may outwardly profess—that stamps his actions and determines his attitude towards the world, for the law of cause and effect is inescapable, "and every thought that is harboured in the mind must, by virtue of the impelling force which is inherent in the universe, at last blossom out into act, good or bad, according to its nature." It is therefore vain for a man to talk of peace when he is secretly yearning for strife, to apprehend the beautiful if he only looks for ugliness, to win love and sympathy where he sows hatred and contempt, to insist on gentleness in others while he cannot even control his own temper, to demand power and respect when his will has been rendered impotent through the distraction of uncontrolled passions. We can only attract to ourselves, after all, that which is in harmony with our own desires. "You will always come to the place where your love (your most abiding and intense thought) can receive its measure of gratification," says the writer of this book. "If your love is base, you will come to a base place; if it be beautiful, you will come to a beautiful place." This is the working out of the eternal law, which except a man believe he cannot be saved.

Mr. Allen, owing to the fact that he has less scope to develop his ideas in the smaller book, is more convincing in "Above Life's Turmoil" than in another little volume, "From Passion to Peace," which deals briefly with the same fundamental truths. Miss Dawson's contribution to the same subject, under the title of "Concerning the Life of Christianity in Being," is somewhat inadequate and fragmentary. Her style is prosaic, and she relies too much upon the method of vague generalisation to convey her ideas with force. She wisely points out, however, that a good deal of the indifference to "the things of the spirit" so common among civilised people to-day, is the result of that preoccupation with merely physical well-being to which the child is accustomed from its earliest days. "The needs of the body are made all-important," says Miss Dawson, "and it is small wonder that to most children the body is the dominant factor in life." If some parents only realised more fully that man does not live by bread alone, and that in preparing their children for the great experiences of life they are not doing all that is necessary if they only concern themselves with their physical fitness, important as this is, there would be, undoubtedly, less misery and suffering in the world.

NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.

WE have received from the National Home Reading Union two interesting publications in connection with the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of that society. These are "Our Inheritance" (C. Linklater Thomson), and "The Faculty of Reading," by Mr. George Radford. The former is a brief, illustrated account of the English authors and poets whose names are best known to fame, from Caedmon and Cynewulf to Tennyson and Browning.

* The Elements: Speculations as to their Nature and Origin. By Sir William A. Tilden. (Harper's Library of Living Thought.) Harper & Brothers, London and New York. 1910. Price 2s. 6d. net. Pp. xi.—139.

* Above Life's Turmoil. By James Allen. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net. From Passion to Peace. By James Allen. London: William Rider & Son. 1s. net. Living the Life of Christianity in Being. By Grace Dawson. London: William Rider & Son. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. net.

The latter is a record of the widespread movement for which the N.H.R.U. has stood for the past 22 years. Mr. Radford quotes from many interesting speeches made at its yearly meetings and assemblies, and adds some cogent remarks of his own on the "Imperial ideal" which should, and undoubtedly does, inspire its members in their efforts to stimulate and guide the love of reading in the United Kingdom. An interesting account is given of the founding of the society by Dr. Paton, who conceived the idea after meeting with two American ministers at Geneva, and hearing from them about the Chautauqua Assembly, "and about the reading courses . . . which were being widely used by people of every class in America." The Union will always be indebted to Dr. Paton, not only for its establishment, but for the devotion and enthusiasm which he has thrown into the enterprise from the beginning, and this little book is a splendid testimony to his judgment and public spirit. Mr. Radford points out that the N.H.R.U. does not aim at the creation of book-readers merely, but "at the multiplication of the genuine book-lover in the old and concrete sense. The delight which accompanies the very appearance and touch of a good book on good paper and in a pleasant cover is," he maintains, "a legitimate and even laudable sensation," and in these days of cheap and well-printed editions "it does not require a fortune to secure enough books to live with happily and well." Mr. Radford has the real feeling for literature without which a general knowledge of authors, their dates, and their works is practically worthless, for it is the vital sense of communion with great minds that is needed, especially in an age not specially characterised by lofty idealism or imaginative thinking. It is the object of the N.H.R.U. to create this spirit, and we cordially wish it success in the endeavour to incorporate itself in the national life, and carry on a humanising and educative work throughout the country.

THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTENDOM. By Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

In three parts, named respectively "The Case for Missions," "The Course of Missions," and "The Crisis of Missions," the entire missionary movement of Christianity is here reviewed from the beginning until the present day. Incidentally, the great religions of the world are examined in turn, both as to their nature and their influence. Of six motives for the extension of Christendom, three are declared to be "not, without qualification, irresistible." These are the philanthropic or pity for the suffering heathen, the eschatological, or pity for the perishing heathen, and the theological, or pity for the deluded heathen. The remaining three which cannot be gainsaid spring from the evangelical conception of the nature and work of Christ. "If Christ is the Son of God, and the Saviour of all men, the Gospel must be taken by the whole church to the whole world." On the other hand, we are told that the Christianity which does not make St. Thomas's full

confession, "My Lord and my God," "can never be permanent or aggressive." It is unfortunate that the illustration given in support of this contention, viz., "the utter futility of the Unitarian mission in Tokio," is not above suspicion. The latest reports show that the work there is full of promise. Permanency, moreover, is beyond the writer's point of view, and aggression is not the only method by which a religious movement may advance. Even before Constantine's conversion, Christianity had gained much by syncretism. The very religion, writes Harnack in "The Expansion of Christianity," which erstwhile in its strictly spiritual temper had prohibited and resisted any tendency towards materialism, now took material shape in every one of its relationships. "But the reasons for the triumph of Christianity in that age are no guarantee for the permanence of that triumph throughout the history of mankind. Such a triumph rather depends upon the simple elements of the religion, on the preaching of the living God as the Father of men, and on the likeness of Jesus Christ. For that very reason it depends also on the capacity of Christianity to strip off once more any collective syncretism and unite itself to fresh co-efficients." It may be that hereafter educated Moslems, Buddhists, and Japanese will be drawn most strongly to a liberal Christianity which is not so much aggressive as persuasive. In an exceedingly interesting narrative, our authoress has included a number of excellent stories from the mission fields, and traced in some detail the work of the various societies. It is plain that the opening up of the East to Western ideas is not without its perils. "The fear of their well-wishers," says Sir Robert Hart, "is that Western science will simply supply strength without principle, and bring in materialism without higher teaching, higher aims, higher guidance." This is a motive for missionary effort which Christians of every school can appreciate.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NUMBER of letters, written by Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Henry Larkin, who at one time acted as Carlyle's literary assistant, and afterwards emigrated to New Zealand, have now come upon the market. They are on sale in New York, and it is quite likely that they will eventually form the material for another volume on the Carlyles. The collection comprises, in addition to sixty-eight letters by Carlyle and thirteen by his wife, fourteen other letters by Ruskin.

MR. FIFIELD announces the early publication of "A Modern Humanist; the Miscellaneous Papers of B. Kirkman Gray," with a biographical introduction by Mr. H. B. Binns, and an appreciation of Mr. Kirkman Gray's work by Miss Clementina Black.

A FURTHER collection of eighteenth-century essays by Mr. Austin Dobson, entitled "Old Kensington Palace, and Other Papers," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The contents of the book are described as short

studies, rather than vignettes, with an admixture of literary criticism.

WE have received three booklets from the office of *The Quest*, in a new series entitled "The Porch," which includes re-prints from the writings of the famous mystics and original articles on mysticism. The volumes to hand are "On the Good, or the One," by Plotinus; "A True Christian," by Jacob Böhme; and "The Over-Soul," by Emerson. They are published in a convenient form, price 3d.

COMMANDER PEARY'S book on his discovery of the North Pole will be published in October by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, with an introduction by Mr. Roosevelt. The title will be simply "The North Pole," and there will be over 100 illustrations from photographs.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE announce a new book by Professor Rudolf Eucken, "The Truth of Religion," which is addressed to all who "like myself," to quote Eucken's own words, "feel that they cannot endure any longer the shallows in which the vitality of man's spirit is being lost at present, and who are determined, in spite of all that is superficial in contemporary life, to share the quest for deepening and revival." The volume will be translated by Dr. James Moffatt.

AMONG other books which this firm will publish in the autumn are, "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries," by Dr. Adolf Harnack, Vol. III. of the late Professor Pfeiderer's monumental work on "Primitive Christianity," and a new volume from the pen of Dr. John Hunter, entitled "God and Life." They will also issue shortly a popular edition of "First Principles," containing the final amendments, both of matter and of form, made by Herbert Spencer not long before his death. It will be in two volumes of 240 pages each, bound in cloth, and issued at one shilling net per volume. The price of "The Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," by F. Howard Collins, now in its fifth English edition, will also be reduced to five shillings after October 1.

SIGNOR FOGAZZARO has completed the manuscript of his long-awaited sequel to "The Saint," and we understand that it will be issued this winter simultaneously in Italy, England, and America, under the title "Leila."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—Cambridge History of English Literature. Vols. V. and VI. 9s. net.

CONSTABLE & Co.:—Political Development of Japan, 1867-1909: Geo. Etsujiro Ueyehara, D.Sc. 8s. 6d. net.

FISHER UNWIN:—Life of St. Clare. Translated and edited from the earliest MSS. by Fr. Paschal Robinson. 5s. net. South Africa and Other Poems: A. Vine Hall. 3s. 6d. net. History of Ancient Civilisation: Chas. Seignobos. 2s. 6d. net. Spain from Within: Rafael Shaw. 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harvard Theological Review, July; Cornhill, September; Nineteenth Century, September; Contemporary Review, September; Coming Day, September.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE GOSPEL OF THE WHEAT.

IF you ever have the opportunity of doing so, you must read the first essay (if it really can be called an essay) in a book entitled "The Open Air," by Richard Jefferies, who spent the best part of his life in roaming about the fields and lanes and woods, studying the ways of the wild creatures to be found there, and examining the trees and flowers and grasses with all the patience and delight of one who loves nature, and sees God in every created thing. The essay or story to which I refer is called "St. Guido," but it has nothing to do with any holy person of the Middle Ages whom you may see pictured with a halo round his head. It is, indeed, all about a little English boy, to whom the name Guido was given by those who loved him, because they thought it sounded "dreamy," and "as if it belonged to one who was full of faith." After all—I had nearly forgotten this!—he *had* a halo, but it was made of golden, shining hair that curled about his head, and looked like a Nimbus or circlet of glory. "So they called him St. Guido," says Jefferies, "and a very, very wild saint he was."

The story of St. Guido is simply the story of a long, hot summer's day spent by this little boy in the fields, and if I were to begin to tell you all about it, you would never get the book. So I shall content myself with quoting a passage in which the Wheat talks to Guido as he sits by the little stream which divides the field from the copse. I shall not even tell you all the Wheat said, because I have not time, and it was very talkative. But I wish that everybody in England, old and young, would read it for themselves when they go away for their holidays this summer—when they see the sun shining on the golden corn, and the wind rippling through it in waves like the waves of the sea. I have read it many times myself, and now I always think of it when I pass through a wheatfield. Last year I was in Cornwall, and I often used to sit on the edge of the great cliffs that make the Lizard coast so frowning and dangerous. There the cornfields crest the line of steep rocks against which the foam is endlessly breaking, and as you lie on the grassy edge you seem to be cut off from all the world. You are alone with the ocean, which is like a great sapphire, and with the sky, which is like a beautiful turquoise. But the wheat reminds one always of the human beings whom it feeds, and, as I looked at the full, pliant ears at the time I am speaking of, the story of St. Guido came back to me, and I knew that I should never again be *quite* happy while the things which the Wheat talked about to the little English boy were true. Then I made up my mind that I would never again let the sight of a cornfield be a reproach to me, if I could help it—that is to say, I decided that I would do what lay in my power, however little that might be, to preach the Gospel of the Wheat as it has been written down by Richard Jefferies to as many people as would hear it, and that I would forward to the best of my ability those causes which, we are

hoping, will one day put an end to all the suffering that is caused by poverty, at least, in what ought still to be "merry England."

And now here is a little extract from the earnest speech which was made by the Wheat on that hot summer's day, just as Guido was growing tired and sleepy.

"I do not feel very happy, although the sunshine is so warm, because I have been thinking; for we have been in one or other of these fields of your papa's a thousand years this very year. . . . It is a long, long time, and then I think, after I am dead, and there is no more wheat in my place, the blackbirds will go on whistling for another thousand years after me. For, of course, I did not hear them all that time ago myself, dear, but the wheat which was before me heard them and told me. They told me, too, and I know it is true, that the cuckoo came and called all day till the moon shone at night, and began again in the morning before the dew had sparkled in the sunrise. The dew dries very soon on wheat, Guido dear, because wheat is so dry. First the sunrise makes the tips of the wheat ever so faintly rosy, then it grows yellow, then, as the heat increases, it becomes white at noon, and golden in the afternoon, and white again under the moonlight. Besides which wide shadows come over from the clouds, and a wind always follows the shadow and waves us, and every time we sway to and fro that alters our colour. . . . We have thought so much more, and felt so much more, since your people took us, and ploughed for us, and sowed us, and reaped us. We are not like the same wheat we used to be before your people touched us, when we grew wild, and there were huge great things in the woods and marshes which I will not tell you about lest you should be frightened. Since we have felt your hands, and you have touched us, we have felt so much more. Perhaps that was why I was not very happy until you came, for I was thinking quite as much about your people as about us. . . . and why I want you and your people, dear, to be happy now, and to agree so as not to be so anxious and careworn, but to come out with us, or sit by us, and listen to the blackbirds, and hear the wind rustle by us. Oh, I wish I could make them happy, and do away with all their care and anxiety, and give you all heaps and heaps of flowers! . . . You silly, foolish people, to let all the flowers wither for a thousand years while you keep each other at a distance, instead of agreeing and sharing them! Is there something in you—as there is poison in the nightshade, you know it, dear, for your papa told you not to touch it—is there a sort of poison in your people that works them up into a hatred of each other? Why, then, do you not agree, and have all things, all the great earth can give you, just as we have the sunshine and the rain? . . .

We think the reason you do not all have plenty, and why you do not do only just a little work, and why you die of hunger if you leave off, and why so many of you are unhappy in body and mind, and all the misery is because you have not got a spirit like the wheat, like us. You will not agree, and you will not share, and you will hate each other, and you will be so

avaricious, and you will *not* touch the flowers, or go into the sunshine (you would rather half of you died among the hard stones first) and you will teach your children, hum, hum, to follow in some foolish course that has caused you all this unhappiness a thousand years, and you will *not* have a spirit like us, and feel like us. Till you have a spirit like us, and feel like us, you will never, never be happy."

Do you not see that there was a great deal of wisdom in what the Wheat said? And does it not remind you of what Jesus must have been thinking when he talked about the lilies of the field "that toil not, neither do they spin"; and when he showed men how impossible it was to understand what the Kingdom of Heaven meant until they had begun to love each other, and treat all human beings as their brothers and sisters who had as much right to happiness as themselves?

L. G. A.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THEODORE PARKER CENTENARY.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Parker has been celebrated at many public gatherings, by books and sermons, and by uprisings of popular sentiment. The most distinctive memorial of Theodore Parker's life and work, which this anniversary has occasioned, is the publication by the American Unitarian Association of a new and complete edition of Theodore Parker's Works.

The undertaking was made possible by a gift of the late John C. Haynes, who desired that this edition should be published as an expression of the admiration and gratitude he felt for the inspirer of his early manhood. The work has been under the charge of an able Editorial Committee, with Samuel A. Eliot as chairman and Charles W. Wendte as secretary.

The first volume of the edition contains the "Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion," and is the most famous of Parker's books. It passed through four editions in Parker's lifetime, and has approved itself as a permanent contribution to theological literature. It has been edited for this edition, with a preface, by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In the second volume, "Theism and Atheism," are set forth the sermons in which Parker dealt with the great problems of theology and ethics. Dr. Wendte's preface is a most illuminating description of Parker's characteristics and influence. The "Sermons of Religion," which constitute the third volume, bring together Parker's sermons about the religious life. They are sermons for all time, and are not dependent upon the locality or the period of their utterance. Volume four, edited by Mr. Cooke, takes the title "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," the subject of the South Boston sermon which first brought Parker into prominence as the expounder of a new theology. This volume also contains the earliest of Parker's sermons, which have never been reprinted from the pages of the magazine in which they first appeared. Volume five, "The Lessons from the World of Matter and of Man," is a reprint of Mr. Leighton's famous collection of the notable utterances at the Music Hall services. Mr. Leighton personally reported Parker's sermons, and in this book brought together excerpts and passages which preserve many expressions of piety and morality which have won immortal fame. "The World of Matter

and the Spirit of Man" contains six sermons that have never before appeared in print and others that have appeared only in scattered reports or pamphlets. The six new sermons were among the last which Parker wrote. He regarded them as the most important he had ever given to his congregation and the most satisfactory statement of his later opinions. Volume seven contains the famous lectures on the "Historic Americans," together with the sermons on John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. The object of these lectures was not only to portray the characters of the great men delineated, but also to instruct the people in the principles upon which the American republic is founded. The eighth volume, under the title "The American Scholar," collects Parker's critical and scholarly essays. A number of these are gathered and reprinted from the reviews in which they first appeared. They illustrate Parker's keen critical insight, his enormous reading, and his profound scholarship. Under the title "The Sins and Safeguards of Society," Mr. Stewart has collected the sermons which are concerned with certain phases of public morals and public education, and in the succeeding volume on "Social Classes in a Republic" are gathered the sermons and essays dealing with the application of Parker's religious principles to the practical problems of social organisation. The next two volumes, one edited by Mr. Hosmer and the other by Mr. Sanborn, collect under the titles "The Slave Power," and "The Rights of Man in America," the most important of Parker's anti-slavery papers and addresses. The thirteenth volume is of a more personal character, and contains Parker's incomplete autobiography, his last letter to his Boston congregation, his prayers and poems; and, finally, in the concluding volume, Mr. Wendte has gathered up a number of Parker's writings which for various reasons found no appropriate place in the previous volumes, and he has added a complete bibliography and an index for the entire set.

It is to be hoped that this complete and attractive edition of Theodore Parker's writings will create renewed interest in the utterance of this great preacher of personal religion and social reform, causing his word to go forth with undiminished, inspiring and formative power to this and succeeding generations.

(Dr. SAMUEL A. ELIOT in *The Christian Register*.)

MEMENTO OF BERLIN.

A PLEASANT memento of the International Congress of Free Christianity at Berlin is furnished by the large photograph taken at the final meeting of the Congress in the courtyard of the Wartburg at Eisenach, Aug. 12. The noble building makes a fine background for such a group. In the crowd of close upon 300 people—Teutons, Americans, Frenchmen, and Britons happily mingled together—not all the portraits are equally clear, but some are admirable. Among the best are St. John of Philadelphia, Maxwell Savage, who spoke on behalf of America (not Minot Simons, as reported), F. W. Perkins, whose preaching in Liverpool will not soon be forgotten, and Prof. Rauschenbusch, of Rochester, N.Y. In the foreground is Herr Lamprecht, whose unwearied care for the guests in Berlin is gratefully remembered. Prof. Baumgarten, of Kiel, Dr. Max Fischer, of Berlin, and a number of familiar English faces are easily recognisable. In the group of speakers at the head of the flight of steps leading to the Ritter-saal, the face of the President, Herr Schrader, is unhappily blurred, and the Bürgermeister of Eisenach and Mr. H. G. Chancellor are not very clear; but the rest, M. Bertrand, who spoke for France, Enfield Dowson, Prof. Meyboom, Prof. Otto Schmiedel, who gave a delightful address in English on the historical

associations of the Wartburg, are capital. The photograph is to be had from Georg Heine-mann, Hof-Photograph, 13, Frauenberg, Eisenach, price, 3s. 2d. by post.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

AN interesting experiment is being carried out by the Leeds Labour Exchange in connection with a shortage of women weavers in several of the West Riding woollen towns. An effort is being made to transfer widows with families from other parts of the country. The manufacturers undertake to teach the women and girls how to use the looms, and to pay adults nine shillings a week and girls a proportionate sum during the period of instruction. When proficiency has been reached, the imported workers will receive the standard wages. No charge of bringing cheap labour into a district can be urged in these circumstances. Already about a dozen families from the Liverpool district have been settled. In nearly all cases the women and their children were engaged in home work at small wages, and by the change they have been enabled to increase their income very considerably. The experiment is being watched with great interest.

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In a lecture upon "Co-operative House-keeping" in ideal homes, Mrs. Melvin, of Finchley, some time ago outlined a scheme which appeared utterly Utopian in its simplicity and idealism. As a matter of fact the lecture has been almost immediately followed by action. A large house and estate in the neighbourhood has been secured by the members of the "Brent Garden Village, Ltd." The family mansion is to become the centre of the village. Here meals will be prepared, either served in the common hall or taken to members in their private homes. Domestic service, boot cleaning, washing, and the general drudgery of the home will, it is proposed, be done by a staff housed at the central hall, which will be in telephonic communication with the fifty houses on the estate. Children may be left here also, when parents have to be out for long or short periods. Electric light and hot water will be supplied from the same source. In case any family feel inclined to "gang their ain gait," there is no compulsion to accept service from the central establishment.

Houses of the yearly value of from £34 to £60 are being erected, sufficient capital having been already subscribed to justify this outlay. More applications for these have been received than can be dealt with.

* * *

A good deal of interest has been aroused amongst manufacturers in the Nottingham district by a proposal of the Mayor (Mr. Albert Ball) that the Corporation should build municipal lace factories. For several years the lace-making industry has been leaving the city for outlying villages, where land is cheaper, and where huge modern factories have been built. Trade unions have been blamed for driving manufacturers into non-union districts, but the Mayor declares that neither labour conditions nor wages have anything to do with the matter, but that manufacturers find it absolutely impossible to get factories in the city to accommodate big modern curtain frames.

In an interview with a press representative the Mayor stated that he had received requests from many big lace manufacturers to find them standings for new big machines, but he could not. The city as a consequence was losing valuable trade, and hundreds of houses were empty through workmen having to go out to factories at Beeston, Long Eaton, and

Draycott. The Corporation, he pointed out, possess many plots of suitable land. His proposal was to start with a factory on the most modern lines to accommodate fifty of the largest machines. The cost would be £6,000, which the Corporation could borrow at 3½ per cent. Standings would be let at a low rent, but he estimated that the increased rateable value of standings and of workmen's houses would bring the Corporation a handsome profit.

Several manufacturers interviewed hailed the proposal with satisfaction. One declared that he would bring back to the city ten of the biggest machines made if standings could be found for them. The matter will probably come before the City Council at an early date.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the office on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

We regret that just as we were going to press we received news of the death of the Rev. Dr. Mummery, the veteran minister of Wood Green, who passed peacefully away, after a brief illness, on August 31.

Ashton-under-Lyne.—Mrs. Belfield, the wife of Mr. W. Belfield, the esteemed treasurer of Richmond-hill church, died very suddenly on the afternoon of August 24. She was apparently in good health, and Mr. Belfield had only left her for two minutes when, on his return, he found her lying on the floor dead. Mrs. Belfield was 73 years of age. The church has lost in her another of its most devoted members.

Islington: Unity Church.—The centenary of Theodore Parker's birth was commemorated last Sunday by a memorial service. The hymn sheets and beautiful prayer, selected by the Rev. C. J. Street from Parker's works, and given by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, were used. The Rev. Dr. Tudor Jones delivered sermons on Theodore Parker's life and work, and there were good congregations, especially in the evening. During September Dr. Tudor Jones will give a series of four addresses; in the mornings on "The Gospel of Jesus in the Light of the Day," and in the evenings on "The Problem of Man."

Lydgate.—A small sale of work was held on Saturday, Aug. 27, for the funds of the new school. The goods sold were made by Miss Biltcliffe, who had in the first place made sweets, which she had sold week by week, accumulating the profits so as to be able to purchase linen and calico. Making this up into aprons, &c., she was able to sell her articles on Saturday so as to raise the sum of £10. On Sunday Theodore Parker celebrations were held. At the morning service, which was conducted by the Rev. L. Tavener, Parker's hymns were sung. At evening service the service of song, "Faithful and True," was rendered by the choir, Mrs. Tavener giving the readings.

Newington Green.—Dr. J. Lionel Tayler, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., who was recently unanimously elected to the ministry of the little "Meeting House" at Newington Green (Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, N.), recommences his ministry there on Sunday morning next at 11.15 a.m., his subject being "The Human Problem in Ourselves." Dr. Tayler, who is widely known as a medical lecturer, and in scientific research circles, and whose book, "Aspects of Social Evolution," is regarded as a serious contribution to a complex

subject, has now settled again in Highbury Park to be near the sphere of his Sunday ministry. Newington Green and Richmond (where Dr. Tayler's father is a member, and Dr. Foat, the late minister of Newington Green, the minister) possess the common factor, that both pulpits are filled by non-professional ministers, men in the closest and most intimate touch with the work-a-day world during the week; and the ministry of such men appeals to certain minds very forcibly, and justifies itself by gathering in men and women usually untouched by the Churches.

Saffron Walden: General Baptist Chapel.—The 199th anniversary of this chapel was commemorated on the 21st inst., when the services were conducted and sermons preached by the pastor, the subject in the evening being "Aggressive Christianity."

Scarborough: Westborough Church.—The Rev. E. H. Reeman, pastor of Salem Congregational Church, Hull, preached in the Westborough Church on Sunday, August 21. Mr. Reeman is well known as an enthusiastic social reformer, and his address on "Riches and Poverty" at the evening service attracted a large congregation, many being members of other churches. The anniversary services were held on Sunday, Aug. 28, two eloquent sermons being delivered by the Rev. Alexander Farquharson, of Maidstone, to good congregations.

Sheffield: Upper Chapel.—The Theodore Parker Centenary was celebrated on Sunday, Aug. 28, at all the services at Upper Chapel, Upperthorpe, and Attercliffe, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association collection of Parker's hymns, &c., being used. The preachers were, respectively, Revs. C. J. Street, A. H. Dolphin, and J. W. Cock. At the morning service at Upper Chapel, Mr. Street spoke also of the centenary of James Freeman Clarke.

The South Wales Unitarian Advisory Committee.—At a meeting held at the Unitarian Church, Swansea, on August 24, it was resolved that the application of Mr. J. Apwilym Carrara Davies for recognition as a Unitarian minister be acceded to on the understanding that he takes the course of reading recommended by the National Conference Committee on the Supply of Ministers, and that he should submit himself for examination in October of each year.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

MR. BOOKER WASHINGTON AND THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

The famous Founder and Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for negro students in the State of Alabama has been visiting London. He left on Wednesday for Scotland, where he intended to pay a visit to Mr. Carnegie before starting on a short tour of investigation into the conditions of the working people on the Continent. He has the greatest confidence in the future of the negro, whose progress, however, he has always realised, can only be advanced by means of education and individual effort. There is practically no friction, in business matters at least, he says, between the negroes and the white races in America, although politically and socially there is a barrier raised, and the racial feeling in America is not nearly so strong as many persons imagine. Mr. Booker Washington returns to London early in October, when he will speak at the National Liberal Club on "The Economic Value of the Negro."

WOMEN LAWYERS.

Mrs. Judith Foster, the well-known American woman lawyer and Republican campaign orator, was admitted to the Iowa Bar as long ago as 1872. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, who was

refused admission to the Bar in Illinois before the law was passed making women eligible, founded a Law newspaper, and was in partnership with her husband. Their daughter is now chairman of the Legal News Publishing Company. Among the official positions held at the present time by women lawyers in America are Assistant Attorney-General of the Philippine Islands, Examiner in Chancery to the United States Supreme Court, and assistant counsel to the Corporation of Chicago. New Zealand was the first of our colonies to admit women to practise law, and Canada followed. Miss Greta Greig was the first woman barrister admitted at the law courts at Melbourne. In India, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who holds an English law degree and the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal, furnishes legal assistance to Indian wards and widows in the management of their estates through the Bengal Court of Wards.

PISA AND ITS LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The entire rebuilding of the famous leaning Tower of Pisa, to the perilous condition of which we recently referred, has been recommended by the Commission appointed to inquire into its safety. A correspondent in the *Morning Post*, alluding regretfully to the proposal, recalls some of the memorable associations which cluster round the tower. "From its summit Galileo (who was born at 19, Via Fortezza, in the city) conducted his experiments on the velocity of falling bodies. Apart from memories of Dante and Galileo (and they are truly European), Pisa, after Florence, Rome, and Venice, has more peculiarly intimate connections with English literature and art than any other city in Italy. At the Palazzo Chiesi Shelley lived in 1822. Byron occupied the Palazzo Lanfranchi (now Toscanelli), and here received 'Leigh Hunt and his brats.' From Pisa the *Liberal* was launched, and 'Adonais' was first printed and published there, while the Brownings lived in a house near the Hospital of Santa Chiara in 1846."

BENEFICENT THE BLIND.

The Committee of the Metropolitan and Adjacent Counties Union of Institutions, Societies and Agencies for the Blind, have called our attention to a scheme by which it is hoped to befriend every blind person in England and Wales. The chief objects of this scheme are (a) to systematise the ways and means of helping the blind, and (b) to prevent overlapping. For this purpose England and Wales have been divided up into seven districts, in each of which a Union has been formed to co-ordinate the different Societies. Each Union has agreed (a) to compile a list of the blind residing in its area; (b) to promote such intercourse among individuals interested in the welfare of the blind as may lead to the organisation, co-ordination and extension of work on their behalf; (c) to visit and care for the sick, aged and helpless in their homes or elsewhere; (d) to employ home teachers—preferably blind—to visit and instruct the local blind in reading and writing; (e) to promote employment; (f) to encourage the "after-care" of pupils leaving institutions.

* * *

The Unions seek to carry out these objects by forming local committees, and the names of those willing to co-operate in any town, village, or district within the Union, and assist in forming these local committees, will be thankfully received by the hon. secretary of the Metropolitan Union (Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.), which comprises the counties of Berks, Essex, Hants, Herts, Kent, London, Middlesex, Surrey and Sussex, and a population of some 7,000 blind people. In this country every 1,285 people who can see have a blind comrade. Is it too much to ask that some out of this

"SALARY-RAISING" EDUCATION.

A practical answer to the problem which is uppermost in the minds of "The Inquirer" readers and British public generally.

Recent articles in the press dealing with the problem of unskilled labour and how it is obviated in Germany by compulsory technical training of the boy has had a fitting answer. This answer has consisted of reported experiences of men, not only of the labouring and mechanic class, but of that great army of middle-class workers who suffer no less through lack of training—experiences showing how easy it is for men to raise themselves to good and valued positions through the aid of that influential institution, the International Correspondence Schools.

Voluntary versus Compulsory.

Some day, perhaps, we may have compulsory secondary education in this country. Meantime, it is well to note the splendid work being done by the I.C.S., as the "schools" are familiarly termed, because their system of training at some obviates all difficulties of distance or fixed hours of attendance.

The authorities of the ordinary technical schools are themselves the first to admit the enormous advantages possessed by the I.C.S. home tuition. For instance, Professor Boyd-Dawkins, D.Sc., of Victoria University, Manchester, recently stated:—

There is no organisation I know of anywhere in the world that brings the worker face to face with the need of technical education in the same way as this Institution does—an organisation which brings to bear the personal influence. I feel that this new method of instruction is of the highest value. I, as a member of the older system of education, welcome you as fellow-workers, doing a great work."

Opportunities for all Men.

Let us emphasise the fact that the teaching so eminently advocated here is available to all men of all ranks, ages, localities, and means. All the embarrassments and restrictions of ordinary class teaching are swept away. A man or boy can qualify equally for higher positions in his present vocation or for some entirely different, more congenial calling. For the I.C.S. courses (with their free equipments), are so thoroughly practical, understandable, and concise, and the pupils so carefully corrected and guided by practical experts through the post, and then finally assisted to actual better positions, that a little ambition in addition to ability to read and write, is all that is necessary for success.

Some Actual Successes.

Among the 120 odd different I.C.S. courses—all distinguished by the same practicableness and economical availability—are Civil Service, Illustrating, Applied Arts, Architecture, Civil Engineering, Analytical Chemistry, Book-keeping and Business Training, Publicity Work, and Foreign Languages; in all of which men have achieved successes as remarkable for their value as for rapidity of their achievement.

I.C.S. tuition or technical training is untrammelled by any sectarian or political surroundings—it is an absolutely independent business concern neither following nor directing any Party or Sect.

£25,000 were spent at London Headquarters during the past twelve months in keeping I.C.S. Text-Books up to date, and over 4,000 I.C.S. students have voluntarily reported promotion or advanced wages in one year. All the resources of the I.C.S. Students' Aid Department are placed at the disposal of students, which means that at the present moment less than 1 in 400 students are unemployed; this distinctly emphasises a well-known Educationist's recent remark that "The Way to Better Things is the I.C.S. Way." Space does not here permit of reports of these successes, but any reader of THE INQUIRER, interested, in his own behalf or that of his sons or friends or employees, can obtain actual

Reference to these Students

by merely writing and stating the subjects or vocation concerned. They will also receive specific details of the whole possibilities of success in that particular subject as well as a book reporting the world-wide success and influence of the I.C.S. Please mention THE INQUIRER, and address the International Correspondence Schools at their Headquarters, Dept. 352/B45, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

more fortunate majority will come forward and assist in making the lives of the blind happier?

THE LATE GEORGE MEREDITH.

George Meredith's grave in Dorking Cemetery has been enclosed with a simple marble border. At the head of the grave is a representation in marble of an open book; one page records the obituary particulars, and on the other is a quotation from "Vittoria": "Life is but a little holding, Lent to do a mighty labour."

SAVAGES OF THE STONE AGE.

Dr. H. A. Lorentz, the Dutch explorer, who is the first white man to have penetrated into the mysterious central snow range of New Guinea, describes a savage tribe which he discovered, to his great amazement, in a secluded valley, after fourteen days of hard climbing through dense forests. "The people lived in little huts," he says, "all of which were raised about ten feet from the ground, access being obtained by a notched pole. These little huts we found to be divided into two, one half being used for domestic animals, mostly pigs, who presumably also climbed the rough ladder, and the other half by the people themselves."

The savages, who were all armed with bows and arrows and stone axes, ran out from the jungle, but instead of attempting to defend themselves they approached the intruders with hands outstretched, and offered them sweet potatoes as a sign of friendship. A curious ceremony followed for the purpose of making Dr. Lorentz and his party "blood brothers."

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